HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES

By Jeff Callaway

Texas Outlaw Poet

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

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Foreword

A Symphony of Redemption in "Henderson County Blues"

Dear Reader,

As I sit down to write this foreword, I am acutely aware of the profound journey that lies within the pages of "Henderson County Blues." This collection of poetry is not just a chronicle of verses; it's an intimate unveiling of a life marked by the rebellious spirit, the consequences of youthful indiscretions, and the relentless pursuit of redemption. In these pages, you will walk the uneven path that led me from the innocence of rural Henderson County to the shadows of prison and, eventually, to the challenging terrain of starting anew.

The genesis of this collection lies in a small town in the heart of the South, where boredom seemed to stretch endlessly across the landscape. Henderson County, with its languid pace and dusty roads, may seem idyllic to an outsider, but for a young soul hungry for adventure, it was a stifling cocoon. The poem "Henderson County Blues" serves as a testament to the struggle of those early years, where the only solace was found in the notes of a melancholic tune resonating through the Southern air.

Growing up in Henderson County was a paradox—a picturesque setting masking the yearning for something more. The poem paints a vivid picture of the monotony that gripped my days, a monotony that eventually became

a breeding ground for rebellion. It was in this quiet backdrop that I encountered the trials that can set the precedent for an entire life, especially for a young person not yet hardened by the world's realities.

The tale unfurls with the vivid imagery of the poem, capturing the essence of life on the fringes of society, where youthful recklessness meets the unforgiving gaze of authority. In those early years, the quietude of the countryside masked a cacophony of desires, and the rebellion that ensued set the stage for a narrative that would resonate far beyond the county lines.

The catalyst for my descent into the labyrinth of trouble was an unexpected one, a non-violent offense that would cast a shadow over my existence for years to come. The charge: possession of psilocybin mushrooms. Irony drips from the realization that these very substances are now legal in some corners of the United States. The legal landscape has shifted, but the echoes of the past persist, haunting those who found themselves ensnared in a web of consequences woven in a different era.

Imprisonment was a harsh teacher, a stern mentor that forced me to confront the consequences of my actions. Emerging from the cold steel and concrete confines of prison, I found myself thrust back into a world that had moved on without me. The journey of readjusting to civilian life, especially with the indelible black mark of a felony, is a theme that permeates the verses of "Henderson County Blues."

The struggle to make an honest living in the wake of a stained past is a universal tale, and in these poems, you will feel the desperation, the frustration, and the determination that fueled my quest for redemption. The job rejections, the skeptical glances, and the perpetual weight of judgment all become threads in the tapestry of a life seeking a second chance.

In the midst of this turmoil, an unexpected romance blossoms, like a fragile flower pushing through the cracks in a concrete pavement. It is from this standpoint that the poems take a turn, evolving into a reflection of the complexity of human relationships. Love, with its tumultuous currents, becomes a beacon of hope in the dark alleys of rebuilding a fractured life. The poems capture the vulnerability of love, the scars it can heal, and the strength it can impart to weather life's storms.

"Henderson County Blues" is more than a mere recollection of the past; it is a lyrical exploration of the human spirit's resilience. Each poem is a

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brushstroke in the canvas of redemption, painting a picture of transformation, healing, and the courage to face one's demons. The collection delves into the depths of the human experience, inviting readers to reflect on their own journeys, their struggles, and their capacity for renewal.

As you navigate the verses of this collection, you will encounter the raw emotions of a soul bared, unapologetically honest and unflinchingly real. It is a journey of self-discovery, a pilgrimage through the landscapes of pain, joy, love, and the quest for freedom. The poems encapsulate the essence of a rebellious spirit's odyssey, offering a mirror to the complexities of life that we all grapple with in our own ways.

In "Henderson County Blues," you will find echoes of your own struggles, your own desires, and your own yearning for a better tomorrow. It is an ode to the human spirit's capacity to rise from the ashes, to find beauty in the broken, and to craft a symphony of redemption from the discordant notes of a tumultuous past.

As you embark on this literary journey, let the verses of "Henderson County Blues" resonate within you, for in the poetry of my life, you may find reflections of your own. May these words be a companion in your contemplations, a guide through the labyrinth of your own experiences, and a testament to the enduring power of the human spirit to transcend, transform, and triumph.

Sincerely,

Jeff Callaway

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DEAR READER,

Dear reader
it'd be so much
sweeter to me
if you'd be
a believer
a rhyme receiver
a grammar greeter
an attentive reader
and even a bringer
of listeners to poetry readings
to make my soul smile
to make my spirit sneeze
I need someone
who really listens to these
lines of poetry that I bleed
for that is what I long
for that is what I need
for that would be
a friend to me
in need
indeed
a dreamer
cheer up sleepy dreamer
like a leaping lemur
I'd be a sailor
of somnolent seas
as freely you
read free
my lines by design
have come clean
and come wild

and I’ve traveled many miles
to live in exile
and be reviled
for only to speak
here now to thee
so lay a good ear on me
and please
dear reader
read on
read loudly
read longingly
read long
all these my sadly
sweetly unsung
ever so softly
suffer unto me
songs
which vow
to never say so long
but only to safely say
that it feels so good
to be alive today
and to laugh
and to love
and to be in love
with you and you only
to say hey
I’m also lonely
so won't you please
come out and join me tonight
to watch the panties
come off like a light
and to long longer
as the both of us hunger for
the butt-naked lunch

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BUTT-NAKED LUNCH

when
times get tough
and bad things
happen
my lover and me
love the sound
of our skin
slapping
together
beat by beat
to one rhythm
overlapping
in time
we find
healing
with both our hearts
kneeling
on bended knees
eating
each other’s skin
is so revealing
peeling away
every sweet
layer
to the bone
with softest moans
melting the night
while fingers roam
feeling at home
all over us
all a glow
until

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both of us
know
everything
is going to be
alright everything
and now we see
love is all
we'll ever need
and sex is a feast
so I’ll serve the beef
whenever life
seems so mean
my baby and me
hear a dinner bell ring
and again
and again
it's time to feed
it's time to eat
the butt-naked lunch
bon appetite!!!

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES

I spent
My whole life
Rocking and rolling
Cocked and loaded like
Nothing ever lasts

And I grew up way too fast
But I've had a few laughs
At last

I've stayed away from my past
I've strayed away from my roots

And I've played the outlaw
A time or two you know
Trouble for me was
Nothing new
Just something to do

And it's no excuse

I guess I never knew
All I had to lose
I guess I was born with them
Henderson County Blues…

I was born
With my neck in a noose
Baptized myself in this
Bottles of booze
With blues
But Mama didn't raise

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no brute

I guess you could say
I never gave no hoot

And by the time I was nine
I'd learned to shoot
My Daddy bought me my .22
And by 22
I'd run off with the loot

Traded my rattlesnake skins in
For combat boots
A ten-gallon hat in
For bleaching my roots
I filled the tank up
I let the clutch out
Like I was death proof

Through Cedar Creek Lake
I have boomed
And I've zoomed
And I always knew that
I was doomed
Ever since the warrant
Was issued
And my reputation grew

I've had a bad case of them
Henderson County Blues…

By high noon
I've dug the underground
I've paid my dues

I left the cops with
Hardly any clues

Their pursuit of me
I would elude while
Their hatreds for me
Grew and grew

From the first day
I made the front page of
The Athens Daily Review
I knew that Huntsville had
Some time for me to do

I got to pay the price for these
Henderson County Blues…

Which includes
Some methamphetamine
And a trash bag of shrooms
A decade of heroin abuse
Mixed with a shot of cocaine
With some shades of grey
and some may say
I've gone a bit insane
In my membrane

I'm an old drinker and tweaker
Of speeder freak lake fame

The Texas Outlaw Poet
Is my name

And I'm here
Just to tell you the truth

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Just to share the news
I know I'm going to die
Tonight with my

Henderson County Blues

Henderson County Blues
Hurts like hell

Henderson county Blues
My hopeless tale

HENDERSON COUNTY GIRL

these eyes
they had never seen
someone so special so smoking-
hot as she
was heaven made...

she came
out of the sky
one spectacular day
in a splendid array
like her mint
chocolate eyes
did breathe
in immensities
her eternal beauty
with intensity
upon every scene
she'd ever seen...

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I mean only
God could create
such a masterpiece...

she was just like a dream
slick and cinnamon and sweet
with soft pink lips
I thought I'd only ever
kiss in my dreams...

but I did
in reality...

red hot
she's got
silken sheets of skin
where I wish
my hands had been
wandering free
all along...

all over her body

long and lean

put up on a pedestal

so pristine

she was a virgin

she was an angel

with a halo

and wings

when I was just fifteen

and she was fourteen...

just two cool kids

from Henderson County

Malakoff, Texas USA...

and we made sweet love

for the very first time

on that white hot August day

back in 1991...

we lost our virginity

as life's rich pageant

played on her cd player

in the sun...

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laying in leaves of grass

sprawled in sheets

was so much more

memorable

and fun...

of course as is

want to happen

I awoke one day

and she was gone...

but in that one moment

in time

she was mine

and I was hers...

and we were one...

and she was...

my

Henderson County Girl.

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SLEEP OVER

she finally asked me
into her life
if only for one night
and little did we know
the time had come
it was for the rest of
our lives
like a common ground
where our two loving worlds collide
for I've come to understand
the girl
with the most amazing
gorgeous green eyes
I've ever seen
and I'm not afraid
to take a chance on love
or to care
or to dare to dream
I've lived long enough
I've lived hard enough
in this life
to appreciate
the finer things
like poetry and hard work
the woman I love
who truly loves me
and I'll always remember
the first time that she said
would you like to spend the night
with me please
and come into my home

to drink
to eat or sleep
to satisfy
to hallucinate
to her hypnotize
her lips have eyes
her hills have eyes
her hips fine line
and it's finalized
just sign on the dotted line
she's the favorite of all
my friend invites
my number one and only
for all times
my baby is so fine
she blows my mind
she binds me blind
right straight
into her soul
into her life
into her arms
to the end of time
I swear it's time
and one day soon
she'll wear white just like
I saw in her eyes
on that September night
beneath a lonesome streetlight
outside in the wide open
my bride
and love is in the pillows
love is in between the sheets
love is even in the pillow fights
love is all you need
love is the

eternal Sleep over

COMEDOWN

I’ve come
to realize in time
my decadent life's
become sublime
with risks I’ve taken
and tests I’ve tried
the gambles I’ve made
I know I should've died
in the lies
in the crimes
in the hours for dimes
in the wine and the dine
in the sixty-nine lives
the choices I’ve made
I’ve barely survived
the idiosyncrasies
of my inscrutable life
rife with strife
and all the hype
and the tramps
and the trip
and the trains
and the tripe
and the years I spent
in black and white stripes
have only made me stronger
have only got me wise
and to the thighs
to the eyes that hypnotize
I apologize
but in time

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I’ve come to realize
I’ve come way too far
to not finally accomplish
my wish list
I’ve lost way too much
to not stand up
and fight
for my innocence
and so I’m making it
my business
to put an end to this
mid-life crisis
and childishness
and just relish this
coming down
off the horse
and back on
the wagon

THE NIGHT CEDAR ISLE DIED

part of me laughed

and part of me cried

on the night

that Cedar Isle died...

I thought of all

the friends I'd made there

and all the good times

gin and tonics with a lime

as the jukebox blared

Santeria by Sublime...

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all the waitresses

I took home and satisfied

the million Cheddar Fry baskets

I fried

with Chinese eyes and a smile

most Friday and Saturday nights

high in the kitchen

black tar shot got

Chef Jeff itching

the tickets just a pouring in

the customers a bitching

Miss Kitty behind the bar twitching

while Old Ted's sitting sipping

Glenlivet

or Glen Fiddich

or Dewar's

with a splash of water

if you can dig it

sipping whiskey

a drinking wine...

and it's the end

of Cedar Isle as we know it

(and I feel fine)

but then I think

of all we lost and found

it gets me down

and the loose women around

the dirty old men of the town

probably thought

it would never end

but it did...

it was a four-alarm fire

around 1 AM

that finally did

Cedar Isle in...

the patrons

had all gone home

for the night

and the bar stools

had all been pushed in

the tables were all

wiped down with care

and all the lights

had been dimmed

when an electrical problem

with a heater in the roof

said poof!

and did begin...

the end of days

for the Cedar Isle crazed

were amazed

the Christmas Eve blaze

erupted this foggy ferocious haze

that could be seen clear

across Cedar Creek Lake

as all the local fire departments came

and courageously fought that fatal blaze

that would consume our legendary

landmark of sin...

for the fire would destroy

all of the contents

within...

but all the sweet memories

will live

in all of us

forever...

again and again

TOO DRUNK TO TWO-STEP

I quit the coke
and I kicked the smack
and I finally got my life
back on track
the track marks all gone
and I'm feeling fine
because I finally learned how
to walk the line
and it might not be straight
but I don't mind
because I still like to drink
me some liquor, beer and wine
and I still love to fuck
I still like to fight for my right
and I'll always be
on a quest to free
my weary wordy mind
so when it comes the time
you know my mind is made
on Friday night
I want to get laid
I work hard all week
so I can get paid
I want to drink
I want to dance
I want to have a good time
once the work bell rings
I get my baby on the line
I let my long hair down
I go out to wine and dine
with rum and cokes

and a twist of lime
and then I'll pass a joint around
to ease my mind
to rock all night long
but when it comes time
for me to dance
it's always the same song
from sunset to sunrise
I'm too drunk to two-step
too high to electric slide...

I'm too drunk to two-step
too high to electric slide
but being sauced
or high as a kite
shouldn't be a crime
as long as you don't hurt no one
no, you better not cross that line
I know I used to hurt myself sometimes
and everyone who loved me
that I could find
and I spent ten years living
like a living suicide
and I shot cocaine and heroin
and even ketamine
then I spent three years behind bars
because I became so blind
with party fouls and other atrocities
that I've survived
so on Saturday night
I want to kick those bad times
drink to the music and sway
because I got a girl
I got a job
and I got a way

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I want to drink
I want to dance
I want to have a good time
from side to side to sixty-nine
with words and lines that sometimes rhyme
and then I'll pass a joint around
to ease my mind
to rock all night long
but when it comes time
for me to dance
it's always the same song
from sunset to sunrise
I'm too drunk to two-step
too high to electric slide...

TEXAS REBEL

a crushing weight
encloses my body
mind and soul
so slowly rotting me
from the inside
the outside has got me
so am I to die
due to my anxiety?
I just can't breathe
and sometimes it seems
my life's become frightening
death is inevitable
but paranoia is enlightening me
to my very own autonomy
and to the state of the economy
and to the government's hypocrisy
and to all of the lies
that they tell to you and me
so has the American dream
forgotten Jesus' teachings
or does the devil play puppeteer
to the presidency?
there is not a decent man or woman
in Washington, D.C.
when a number has replaced my name
due to my innocent in discrepancy
number 1088276
can never pay the price
for my youthful curiosity
yes they locked me inside of
their capitalistic penitentiaries
where I did my time

but still they keep haunting me
branding me jobless
in a straightjacket
of financial insecurity
even non-violent ex-cons
can't make no currency
and are forced to turn back to crime
to feed the machine
and I can't take it no more
it's having a serious effect on me
it's making my mind
play terrible tricks on me
when my mistakes
are all that they want me to see
this law is smothering me
with I'll never be free
in the land of the free
in the home of the brave
in this place born from second chances
a second chance is what I crave
but their mind is made
so should I pull this trigger
and make it all go away?
NO I say!
and quit I can't
so I must rant
so I must inform
this war on drugs
is in need of reform
and I've been a Texas Rebel
ever since the day that I was born
I came into this world in cowboy boots
with a pair of long horns
with a God-given gift to spit

true words in my own poetic form
I'm the Texas Rebel
I represent the freaks
I represent the norm
I've been misunderstood
and I've stood in the storm
naked and scorned
behind bars
I've been abused
for smoking some weed
for taking some shrooms
for having a drink
for snorting a toot
for all the things you all tried
back when you were in college too
so if you don't agree with me
then fuck you too!

EMPTY BOTTLES

howdy y'all
my name is Jeff
and I'm an alcoholic
ya see
I been drinking
now ever since
the age of fifteen
when a green eyed girl
from a trailer park
in Tyler, Texas
decided to teach me
a few things
about what love means
and how love is mean
she broke my heart
she tore it out
by the seams
but before she did
she taught me to make love
she taught me to drink everything
from Jack Daniels to Moosehead
and into her pink
and I been doing it
again to myself
ever since I can think
and everything I could see
I started drinking from the bottle
then the bottle started
drinking from me
and just fifteen years later
I find myself drunk

passed out on Venice Beach
two friends and I drank three gallons
of Jim Beam with A&W's cream soda
and we woke up in Arizona
and so the story goes
on and on and on
there's a demon in my bottle baby
I find myself so gone
there's a demon in my bottle
who's needed exorcism so long
and so here's to
my drunkard song
let me sing it
read it
all night long
empty bottles
empty cans
somehow now
I've become a man
screaming please remember me
and all of my empty bottles
full of memories...

FIFTY-CENT DRAFTS

when I needed
to smile
whenever I needed
to laugh
I always had you
to take me for
fifty-cent drafts
to Rita's we'd go
together hand in hand
we'd clown around
and have a few rounds
listen to your favorite band
on the jukebox
vodka on the rocks
it's okay for us
to have some fun
tonight
we live right
around the block
so pop a top
and sit right here
on the barstool
nearest to me
you know I'm your man
and you can lay me on down
take me home
and make love to me
but before you do
we can have some cold brews
and enjoy each other's company
at the best place in town

Carmen, lay two more buds down
make it three
and can we
get our tab?

PSYCHIC HEARTS

sleepless
all evening
darkness
surrounding
I lie awake
at night
my heart pounding
I'm ever thinking
thoughts abounding
how my heart has
bound me to you...

these thoughts of
you leaving me
are leaving me blue...

I never needed anyone
more than I need you
to be...

these thoughts
of you leaving me
are driving me crazy
I need you to embrace me
don't ever replace me
it's my dream
how you found me
how you saved me
how you grace me
with your presence
these thoughts of you

and your essence
feeds me
so please don't
ever leave me alone
I feel you inside
I feel you
in my bones...

and no one else can see
and no one else can know
what only two hearts can know...

the very first time
ever I saw your face
as if I'd always known...

you are the only one for me
I'm finally at home...

BROKEN HEART, TEXAS

you broke my heart
in Austin girl
you tore my heart
right out
I walked right in
and saw you with him
saw your arms wrapped
tight round his back
and with your cinnamon lips
pressed right against his
your bottom rested flat
on his lap...

you kissed him again
until you saw me walk in
neither one of you
knew how to act...

I didn't know what to say
I didn't know what to do
I just wish you could
take it back...

and though we're not through
you know I'll always love you
and I'll always take you back...

but if you do that again
then I might kill my dear friend
the diamond I put on your hand
would forever be cracked

and I'd live my life doomed
in a concrete zoo I can't do
and I'd surely have a
heart attack...

and life would be
spilled beer around here
in Broken Heart, Texas...

and love would be
full of fear around here
in Broken Heart, Texas...

MORE THAN FRIENDS

not in all my nights

nor in all of my days

never in a million years

have a poet's eyes laid

upon someone so fine

or so fair as she...

for the mere thought

of her falling in love with me

would cause my heart to leap

my soul to scream

to shout it out loud

for the whole world to see

Princess Erika (with a k)

is the girl of my dreams

the most beautiful girl

on Earth it seems

has taught my broken heart

to beat again...

now I just want to be

more than friends...

I want to be the man

in whom you can depend

the true love you fight to defend

let me be the one by your side

to the bitter end...

after all I been through

I never thought I'd love again

but I do

I've fallen so hard for you

it's true

I'm one lonesome heart

beating for two...

so take me inside

to be one with you

to do anything you want me to

I want to give you the stars

the sun and the moon

and everything you're entitled to...

everything a Goddess like you

deserves...

you deserve a man

who treats you right

who loves you

who holds you

through all the dark nights

who tries to work through

problems instead of fight

who is always gentle with you

always polite

always faithful

even out of sight

you deserve eternal happiness

and infinite delight

you deserve nothing but the best

because you are everything that is right

in a girl

you're my everything

my light in this world...

so please take my hand

and come with me

into a new eternity

we'll seek out truth

we'll try to find peace

we'll search out this happiness

just you and me

we'll find all there is to see

and to do

just give me one chance

because I truly do...

I love you.

02/19/14

GOING GREEN AT THE 211 GALLERY

On the Seventh

at seven

we all came alive

we came one

we came all

one Saturday night

the goal was to Go

Green and it just

felt right

to paint canvases green

that once were white

like born on a green light

Daddy-O

I thought I might drop

green words in lines

and hoped they might

rhyme and also be on time

I'm the Texas Outlaw Poet
I come correct
and have also come a
country mile

busted MC’s like lemons

I'm Tequila

salt

limes

and then Talkington's Texas Radio

tuned in the dial

with psychedelic

country style

we all

kicked off our shoes

and the blues

and stayed a while

as the walls breathed

fine local art in lime green

and artists looked on

through dilated

in 3D

green eyes

and then all of a sudden

I realized

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

Athens, Texas was once

so named to be the

cultural epicenter of East

Texas

and so the 211 Gallery

welcomes us

so come

you poets

come painters

come musicians alike

let's rise from the ashes

like a phoenix

and fight

for that long

faded dream

that once made

Athens come

to burn so

bright

for all of Texas

to see

how bout

another round

of Come And Take It

catered drinks

and one for me

and a toast

to an East Texas

art movement

to honor

our

ancestry.

BEER BED BUD BREAKFAST

Beer
Bed
Bud
Breakfast

My favorite 4 things
To do here in Texas

Is beer, bed, bud
And breakfast

My brunches are festive
Up next on my death wish
Comes sugar cream coffee
I request this

Booze, sex, sleep,
Words suggest this

Give me bacon, eggs, biscuits
A sweet Texas girl to lay here
Undressed with

Most people request this with cigarettes
Repented sentences

I’m taking reservations
For folks with no reservations
At my beer, bed, bud, breakfasts

Just sign this guest list

I’m here with Mary Jane
And Mrs. Delicious

My life is majestic

My life here
In Agrestic, Texas
At my humble
Beer, bed, bud, and breakfast
Is pleasant

And some may say
My insanity’s in question
But I do have a message a
Relevance

If you ingest this

Loving my lady
Mrs. Delicious elegance
Her perfection unprecedent
I was meant for her and for me
She was meant
Her beauty and intelligence
Was heaven sent

And my everyday partaking
Of the beer, bed, bud
And breakfast with diligence
Are among the finer things in life
My inn’s like anti-depressants

You can almost taste
My Motels of acceptance?

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

Beer, bed, bud, breakfast

Booze, sex, sleep,
Words suggestive

Give me bacon, eggs, biscuits
My sweet Texas girl
To lay here undressed with

Give me hash browns, hashish
Her hungry hands to caress me with
Wine, women and song do no wrong
Give me sticky green and siestas
Superwoman’s not
The best whore in Texas
She’s a Lady
All you other hoe’s
Use discretion

All I ever need
To feed my sweet
Obsession
Renegade
Renaissance
Regression

And the day they find a cure
For life’s depression

That’s the day I give up
My beer, bed, bud
And breakfast
Without questions???

ROCK-N-ROLL LANE

So now when
Sun peeks out to set
High up above those
Saturday gloomy clouds
Then there's going to be
A rowdy party round here
When my friends
On Rock-N-Roll Lane
Are down

The storm has passed
As I cross the Caney City Bridge
I'm Rock-N-Roll bound

Roll down the windows
Kitten, take your top down
Heading North on Highway 198
Is where the fun and the funk
can be found

And if you got the coke
Then I got the crown
And if you're experienced
And you'd like to get down
Take off that dress and lay on down
Pound plenty beers down
Pal around out of town
Then soak up the sights
Then soak up the sounds
We're having a few friends over tonight
We're passing the ganja around
On the leather sectional
With fold out bed
Sit down in the circle
Please sit right down

Relax back with us
Forget your frown

Kick back those tears
Watch for crossing deer
And here's to ten more
drunken years

The only thing we have to fear
Is to run out of beers

And Fat Jesus
Saint Christopher
King and John-Paxton
There all here

Chubby says Bass is near

Dirty D's bringing Death metal and beer

let's drink jaeger bombs
with Andy McGee with no fear

Bryan who is no longer Skate is
Probably setting up camping gear
Somewhere near Anchorage I hear

But other than that all my close friends
Are here once I appear

I'm the Texas Outlaw Poet
Words are my career
So The Joshua says
Jeffrey come here

The McLarty's are having a party
So cheers!

Mamba juice Jaeger shots injections of
honey butter bourbon barbecue fire

This pig this chicken this steer
This hunger inside us is dyer

On Rock-N-Roll Lane
If I said I'd never been higher
I'd be a liar

On Rock-n-Roll Lane
if you bring the fish
we got the fryer

On Rock-N-Roll Lane
There is real estate for sale
If you're a buyer

On Rock-N-Roll Lane we're all like
One big drunken choir

WORST ENEMY

happy days

are upon me now

I know I'm never

going to be the same

now that you're out

of my life for good

and I can remember

my own name

I was always

the wild child

upon whom you'd place

your blame

but I'm loving

my new life now

and I'm embracing

every single change

I'm accepting life

on life's terms now

and I'm learning from

the choices I've made

because I know I no longer

have to play the pawn

in your sick and

twisted game

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

and I praise

the Lord's good name

for each and

every single day

that I escaped your

insidious zoo

because I'm the wild animal

you could never ever tame

no matter how hard

you tried to

don't you know

little girl I've moved on

now a long time ago from you

and I'm glad you finally

said what you really think

long after we been through

but you've taken

no responsibility

for your actions

or the pain that

you put me through

all you ever do

is try to pass your lies

off as truth

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

as if the color red

was really blue

and I wouldn't wish you

on my worst enemy it's true

but my worst enemy is you

so I'll wish you on you

because

you give love

such a bad bad name

the red flag stuck

in the hole

where your heart

used to be

reads

narcissistic

and insane

and I wouldn't wish you

on my worst enemy it's true

but my worst enemy is you

so I wish you on you

all your many personalities

deserve each other

I wouldn't wish you

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

on my worst enemy it's true

but my worst enemy is you

so I wish you on you

all your many personalities

deserve each other

TEXAS HAIKUS

1.

A beer bottles break

Reverberates memories

Down Tin Can Alley

2.

Inside Tyler’s thighs

Lies the rose that hides inside

The deep Pine Curtain

3.

Blackbird to Athens

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

With B.P. and Smokey and

Mickey’s green grenades

4.

My nostalgic dream

Like celluloid memories

Gleam the old days gone

5.

Lost in the magic

Of such an ocean as this

Sleepy dark daytrip

6.

The Texas Plate at

Ochoa’s melting in my

Mouth-watering yum

7.

The sound of breaking

Glass down the hallway nightmares

In time hidden deep

8.

Rose thighs, scarlet hair

Eyes stunning, lips fair, do I

Have a prayer? No

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

9.

Sounds of the past

Lie silent now, No open loud

Hurtful sounds of old

10.

Endless waves rapping

Time lapse dances tidal on

Texas proud beaches

11.

Ethereal highs

Atop Guadalupe Peak

Overlooking all

12.

Hard work, clean livin

Not dancing on the ceiling

Of Speeder Freak Lake

13.

Perusing the beers

Best selections appear at

The Come & Take It

14.

Old skipping vinyl

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

Spinning On The Road Again

On The Road Again

15.

Texas women are

Best but now All My Ex's

Live In Texas too!

16.

Texas is beatest

My Henderson County Blues

Sweetest best served stoned

17.

Primitive urges

Swollen natural surging

Horny haunts of old

18.

Long gone tweaked out

Nights in Gun Barrel City

Glad those are over

19.

A lone mockingbird

Perched atop Big Rock

All mocking Eustace

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

20.

Texas Haikus and

Henderson County Blues seem

To go hand in hand!

02/14/17

CASADY

you know

I always hoped

but I never

ever knew

if

true love

could be for me

until

I met you

and until

my eyes met yours

and love is truth

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

my dreams come true

true blue

you're the girl of my dreams

my sweet

sweet Casady

and would you believe

but could you conceive

I'll never ever leave

I could never ever see

I could never feel

until

you showed to me

at first sight

your true love is

real

and now my still

beating heart

which was once so blind

until now

your love has healed

and for the first time in ten years

I can finally feel

real

completely happy

ever since

September 19th, 2007

I’ve lived in heaven happily

and it's all because of you

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

my sweet

sweetest Casady

you make my heart beat

so rapidly

with such a beautiful rhapsody

you are a beautiful masterpiece

to me

and if you ever

ever need anything

all you have to do is

ask me

I’ll do everything it takes

to make you happy

but there's just one thing

I must ask thee

Casady

will you marry me?

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

Afterword

A Melody of Gratitude in the Wake of "Henderson County Blues"

Dear Reader,

As I pen down this afterword, a surge of gratitude washes over me—a profound acknowledgment of the journey we've undertaken together through the verses of "Henderson County Blues." This collection of poems is not just my story; it's a shared exploration of the human experience, a testament to the capacity for redemption, and a celebration of the melodies that can emerge from life's dissonant chords.

The echoes of Henderson County, with its blues and its boredom, resonate in these pages. It's a place that shaped me, a backdrop to the rebellious spirit that found expression in the poems you've just traversed. The mundane landscape of my youth, which once seemed stifling, has transformed into a canvas upon which the vivid hues of experience have been splashed.

"Henderson County Blues" began as a reflection on the struggles of being a felon at a young age, a consequence of a non-violent offense

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

that set me on a winding path through prison's cold embrace. Emerging from those shadows, readjusting to civilian life was a challenge akin to learning a new language—a language where the lexicon was stained by judgment and skepticism. Each rejection letter, each sidelong glance, and each moment of questioning my worth became an integral part of this narrative.

The irony of a non-violent charge for possession of psilocybin mushrooms, now legal in some corners of the country, is not lost on me. It serves as a poignant reminder of the shifting sands of legality and morality, and how they can shape the course of a life. The poems within these pages encapsulate the awkwardness of rebuilding, the desperation of seeking a legal means to survive, and the resilience required to forge ahead.

Amidst the struggle, an unexpected romance blooms—a delicate blossom in the arid landscape of redemption. The evolution of the poems from the depths of misery to the tender tendrils of love mirrors the intricate dance between despair and hope that defines the human condition. Love becomes the thread that weaves through the tapestry of renewal, offering solace in the midst of chaos and a reason to believe in the possibility of a brighter tomorrow.

As you turn the final pages of "Henderson County Blues," my hope is that you find not only the resonance of shared experiences but also a melody of gratitude. Gratitude for the twists and turns, for the highs and lows, and

for the collective strength that emerges when we confront our vulnerabilities. These poems are not just my words; they are an invitation for you to explore the depths of your own journey, to reflect on your own struggles, and to celebrate your triumphs.

In the aftermath of these blues, I stand not only as the writer but as a fellow traveler on the road of life. Thank you for accompanying me on this literary odyssey, for allowing my words to resonate with your own experiences, and for embracing the transformative power of storytelling. May the verses of "Henderson County Blues" linger in your thoughts, encouraging you to embrace the complexities of your own narrative with courage, compassion, and an unwavering belief in the possibility of redemption.

With gratitude,

Jeff Callaway

HENDERSON COUNTY BLUES * JEFF CALLAWAY

Jeff Callaway or **Jeffrey Donald Callaway**, also known as the **Texas Outlaw Poet**, is the **LPTexas** Candidate for US Congressional District 1 in the 2018 election. Texas Outlaw Poet is how he is known largely throughout the Texas Spoken Word scene. He is a co-founder and owner of **Texas Outlaw Press** and was born in Athens, Texas in 1976. Since then he has attempted to tour every bar and every jail-house in the great state. Fortunately he shares his experiences through his edgy southern poetry that can be as sultry as Texas itself. Jeff has written five chapbooks and two full-length volumes, all published by Austin publisher Texas Outlaw Press. He has appeared at countless open mics and performed many spoken word events since 2003. He recently had his first art show of original work at the Hal Samples Space Gallery in Deep Ellum, displaying his many multi-media renderings of beer bottles. He currently resides in Gun Barrel City, Texas where he continues to perform, write, paint, live and love.

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-Texas Outlaw Poet

11/20/2023

Proof